(here Leonard ends)

Monday

How nice to get your letter this morning – a great treat. I'm afraid I wrote you rather a dazed one yesterday. Those blessed headache drugs of Stevens somehow went wrong – I had to be hauled along like a sack but that's all right now, & do I like the stuff, – I really got the usual headache about it (I daresay) better by today.

Shall set up tomorrow. I'm very rather startled when I think by Leonard's (Ethel Rendel (Mrs. Dr.)) & do (as only wants there's scraps. Keep thinking of you & long – oh Lord how I long – the

You would open the door. Come in.
I've seen no one, so you need
have no fears. I do nothing
but sleep. Pinker lies on the
chaise by the fire. Leonard
comes in with a pot of tea, he
makes me lemonade. I
read the Times & drop it. I do
you work & these days when
each one was worth the
week with you! I think of the
towers the lights & the waves &
the sky room at San Jacinto
& you & you. Next week is
Feb. 1st so there really not
long to wait. But Lord! what
a hour Berlin & Oxford many
are. I'd no idea such I'd see
And I shiver at the thought of your
behaviour about that lunch. You
& Harold were such angels. Write
to me. Write
V.

NYPL
BARKER 2/6/62

Tuesday

Dearest Creature.

Here is another selfish invalid's bulletin, but I like to write to you, & you won't mind it all being about myself. Yesterday I felt better today, & slept & kept in bed. This morning the usual headache which is not making me rather achy, & shivery but keeping off. And the Dr. has just been — says I shall get on the sofa tomorrow & may see someone on Thursday. I who would go like to see Theresa, — & Mark about — — wch, it aint Mary or Theresa: Though I daresay to some eyes I shall have Mary & Theresa in me. Best & Mark me in my night gown — Best no. I am very faithful. No

odd how I want you when I'm ill. I think
Everything would be warm & happy if Vita came in.
And Vita's heavy tea with the American
Ambassadress wife. I suppose: very smart
& haughty. How you regret me that regret
all the horrors! Potter Nicholson & Co.
and to have you straight from all that
nonsense. I beg homes. & sheets & Virginia &
Vita to hyde about in bed up here content
any interest. She worked out the wonder
& let that tawdry life in very small -
Distinguished. Lin at the office. Nelly out.
So I'm alone. Pinka was sent up. She has
worms as a very fact. I've got some rather nice
photographs of Knossus: but can't send them
at the moment. I will to-morrow I fear.
work, buy lay letter, talk about journeys if
you like me. Whatever what I want. I don't
really read anything worth interest & what you
letters. I've no milk cap here. & Nessa is
becoming illegible. Lord! how I wanted like to
see you Virginia

but am only when damp dusters.

52
Tavistock Square,
W.C.1
*Telephone : Museum* 2621.

Love
V.

Wednesday Jan 30. 1929

Another 5 minutes Conversation.
all about myself as usual. Do you
mind? Are you bored? I'll do
the only person I want to.
I'm down on the sofa in the
drawing room this evening.
The whole of me very comfortable.
I can't be bothered to read a book
If you must perhaps with headache.
Mine headaches are very odd
Then time between we were at
Jans Jones - now I eat sugar
walking about the square. What
do you think happens? I cured -
he do. says it my rattles like
in Berlin. But why this

Change in 10 seconds? 9½
really better, only rather cross that
it rather so long. And that I
can't see you. If you were to visit
here now I should be so happy.
Brilliant idea come at once my head —
Scene — Matinee — but Gyngyl with CJ
How does one write? I read
half a page about Austen
widow & then drowse for an
hour. Lemon bags in here
beef steaks I say. I'm afraid
I shall be very shortly right
under for a time. No
murder — no romance. But
that suits you very well. You
wretch. You want Pollo & Kipper
Light in Piazza I cannot
write decent phrase any more that
comes to you head — the more
the better. I have no pain today

Thursday Jan 31. 1929

I shall now have my little treat of
writing to Vita. I dare say myself.
Well I'd heard from you. but perhaps
I shall. So am not to see anybody.
Not Mary even. Or Rendel (can't imagine
Why I want to see Mary. Char Cowan).
There is such a thing as womanly charm?
Myself by thinking that there wouldn't attract
You Eetha. I have been rather giddy. I
have to keep lying down. Then something hits
with the spirit level in my ear. There is a
Kind of moore which turns for ever, because
it was how its spirit level. would for
the tree Potto turning for ever? Everything
is shut down to Berlin. I am never to
walk round a gallery a strip drawing,
Again. Ah my adventures are to be lying
Down — that will suit, in some ways.

Really I am rather better, & make up a book to
be called The Mother how are her
And what about Peter? How are Peter Lyon
like a beautiful tale in a cage – & not a
Wild cage either. Wild cage like the Albert
Memorial. Lord! how the eyebrows of
Berlin remain with me!
Travelled back with the Rev. Herbert Warren's
a Labour M.P. who had lunched with Kuhlmann
& with Schubert & told L. all about it &
about the Duchess of Atholl: NYPL Then the dear
old Labour party atmosphere all over again
I thought: & rejoiced that I was not Labour & not
anything: then it what makes one serene – Then
we Crees thought. That ate my views – rather
faded: & Kessler is a bastard & the Kaiserin
thinks so. Nelly is ringing both with real life.
I owned felt you all about The party at the
Harlands when George got drunk. They
insisted that he should sleep in my bed
Nelly reports. George is Lottie's young man.

but Lottie doesn't mean anything serious; she's
38 yrs old. And Nelly has taken away the
Latch key the year he won't see her feet
the seven years up. Eyewash she can't have it
both ways. I tell her. But that's
Enough
I am now going to sleep, worth. Further
Di chair. Nothing very startling
Love from us both.
And write direct. Often have time.
Any scraps -

Virginia

Friday Feb 1. 1929

I was very repentant to get your letter
this morning — among such dreary ones.
I have read it seven times. Of course
we vowed for so long Barn like a shot —
that you know. The Dr. says I must
I must be nursed another week at least
& then be very quiet — oh this long very
quiet! — So that I don't suppose we
could get away till the middle of Feb.
And then you'll soon be back. But it
London becomes intolerable I shall take you
at your word. At the moment I'm so
lethargic I don't think of anything but
walking about in Mesopotamia and bed.
They give me Steff doses of bromide.
It's rather nice. One head feels floaty-
like pillows. One floats like a log. I
wake to work to you. The regatta you can

HAMILL & BARKER 2/15/62

Met at Berlin on my last week of humanity.
There were two Germans in the carriage - fat, scary,
the woman with broken nose. The man
fucked an agent for her. She squeezed his hand.
Were repulsive. Perhaps in time one might learn
to think their complete unfreedom must translate —
morality - after many many years. You deserve
Rafaello I leave you. Heart — sun — ashes
clear air. His head & yellow hair day after
day. Oh how I liked you little! There nothing
to be anxious about in me. The Dr says it's
simply exhaustion & must take time. But
there nothing wrong. He has a Silver
Bethought tells me every day that there is
nothing wrong with my heart. What I can't
understand why it began right about Berlin.
I left you with there, only shivers that day
at Sans Souci. However — I'm sure back to
it's a great effort to think I would stay in Long Beach
How you cured me when I was ill before!
Potts would be happy. What be in what health
by the time you're back — 27 days now.
Write as often as you can — I do like your letters V